

VOLUME XXIV.

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NUMBER 621.

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WHILE the Philadelphia City Troop was encamped at the World's Fair, a passing trooper was accosted by an English tourist.

"Are you an English officer?" The trooper replied that he was not, and mentioned his regiment.

"Well," said the visitor with British contempt, "You've copied our uniform."

"That's quite impossible," was the retort, "as we never saw anything of it except the coat-tails!"

OBSERVANT CITIZEN: That seems to be a very thoughtful man in the fourth seat front. Judge? CONDUCTOR: No. Capitalist.

"I should have taken him for a Judge or deep student by his straightforward, impressive look."

"Oh, he's only playing make believe that he's paid his fare, but I'll get him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



FEELING FUR STRAIGHT.

UP in one of Michigan's thriving counties lives a man who is about as regardful of a dollar or two as a man can well be and be decent. He is a farmer in comfortable circumstances, and being thrifty, honest, industrious and a bachelor, he was considered quite the catch of the neighborhood, notwithstanding his painful exactness in money matters. He finally married a widow worth in her own right \$10,000, and shortly afterwards a friend met him.

"Allow me," he said, "to congratulate you. That marriage was worth a clean \$10,000 to you."

"No," he replied, "not quite that much."

"Indeed? I thought there was every cent of ten thousand in it."

"Oh, no," and he sighed a little; "I had to pay a dollar for the marriage license."—Detroit Free Press.

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At a hotel this summer a lady said to a young friend, "What nationality is the gentleman I see with your party so much?"

"American," was the reply.

"Why, I thought he was a Swedenborgian," came unexpectedly.

"Oh, well, he is," said the young lady.

"Is he?" delightedly. "But you know his children don't look a bit like Swedenborgians."

SOME NEW BOOKS.

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A QUESTION OF EVIDENCE.

Tom: WELL, ANYWAY, ALL THE OLD BACHELORS SAY THEY ARE GLAD THEY NEVER MARRIED.

Kitty (scornfully): MUCH THEY KNOW ABOUT IT! DID YOU EVER HEAR ANY MAN WHO HAD A NICE LITTLE WIFE SAY HE WAS GLAD HE NEVER MARRIED?

A DIVIDED DUTY.

MY brother bids me bind my hair
With ribands of Yale blue,
But all my heart's with Harvard fair—
Ah, me! what shall I do?
Can I, dissembling, hide my pain
If Yale should win the toss?
Or grieve, e'en though a
lover's gain
Should prove a brother's
loss?
Then, fade and droop, ye
azure bows,
If points are lost to Yale,
The while my cheek with
crimson glows,
And tells another tale!



FILLING THE BILL.

THOSE BLOOMERS.

IKEY: Mudder, mudder! vare is my pants?
MOTHER (*soothingly*):
There, there, Ikey, do be
quiet! Your sister, Re-
becca, has gone out for a
ride on her bicycle, vid
dem, but she'll be back
soon again.

STRANGE CASE
OF MISTAKEN
IDENTITY—She took
him for a walk.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIV. NOVEMBER 22, 1894. No. 621.

19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. *Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.*

MR. FRANK P. W. BELLEW rendered his signature of "Chip" familiar to many thousand Americans who will regret with us that the hand that so often moved others to mirth is forever at rest.

His keen sense of humor, his endless invention and, above all perhaps, his love and appreciation of animals, have for years given his drawings a character of their own.

His death deprives LIFE of an active and valued contributor.



IT is a gay spectacle to see all the different kinds of Democrats put out their tongues at one another and say, "You did it!" In all the party no George Washington has been found to lift up his little hatchet and proclaim, "It was I."

The Hill men have no words to express their sentiments toward a President who would not help his party cut its own throat in his own State. "See what Cleveland and Clevelandism has done," they cry. The Anti-Hill men retort that the end of Hillism being inevitable it is as well that its destruction should be emphatic enough to be remembered. The wreck of the

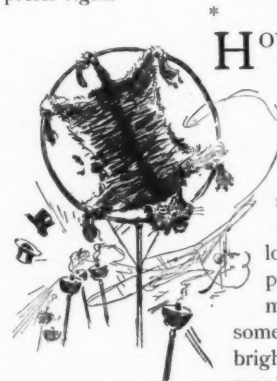
Democratic vessel being tolerably complete, no considerate person can have the heart to begrudge the late crew any fun that they may contrive to have with the pieces. But while they are ashore and are relieved from the duties of political navigation, it may be as well for them to take some lessons in Prompt Aid for the Injured. A year and a half is too long to spend in devising relief for a rich patient when the case is critical.

IT is still possible for the Democrats to improve their Tariff Bill and abolish their Income Tax. It will hardly be pretended any longer that an income tax is popular.



LIFE congratulates Senator Hill on the great chance for self-reformation offered to him by the extermination of most of his evil companions in the recent landslide. They are all under the heap, Croker, Gilroy, the Sheehans, all the Democratic unrighteous of New York

State except Murphy, and where Murphy would have been if the voters could have had a chance at him is beyond conjecture. Murphy is left, but that discipline should have any effect on such as he and Gorman is not to be expected. It may be different with Hill. If he should go about it right he might be useful in the Senate. These many years he has worked hard for Hill and Hill's pals. His labor has brought him a good deal, but not all he hoped for. It would pay him now to experiment a bit with working for the people. It is better worth while in the long run to be a public servant than a boss. Hill has had no experience as a public servant. It is time that he acquired some. The chance that offers now is unusual and there is no New York machine left to hinder him. While his senatorial lamp still holds out to burn, he should scurry around and try to get back somewhere. He has already endeared himself to the New York Sun, but that should not discourage him. Other folks would be glad to think well of him in spite of that if he could only give them reason to believe that he had acquired the ability to distinguish between right and wrong, and the discretion to prefer right.



HOW much the late cataclysm will help New York as a place of residence remains to be seen. It is one thing to thrash one set of scalawags and quite another to hinder a second set from tumbling into their places. If Thomas Platt had lodgings with his Tammany pals under the avalanche, the municipal prospects would be somewhat brighter, but they are bright as they are, and hopeful people are entitled to take a large measure of courage. New York will not necessarily be more habitable for being the Greater New York it is booked to become, but even that innovation promises to help it, and an underground railroad, if that should come, may help it still further. New York as she ought to be is pleasant matter for meditation, and since election it seems not so preposterous a subject to think about as it once did.



THE MEN WHO INAUGURATED THANKSGIVING DAY.

LOVE'S PARADOX.

IF we could meet the first girl
Who heard us breathe love's
vow,
She'd probably be the last girl
Who'd hear us breathe it now.

SOME INTERESTING WORK.

THE collection of five hundred drawings now on view at LIFE Building includes the originals of many of the pictures that appeared in the earliest numbers of this journal, together with the best work of to-day. These drawings tell the history, during the last ten years, of that branch of black and white art whose subjects relate to the refined side of life, to satire and to humor. The only field of art in which our country seems to hold its own is in black and white, and in this our illustrators have far outstripped our painters. No other country competes with our own in its illustrated magazines, and American periodicals, all along the line show a freshness and originality that reflect infinite credit upon our native artists.

No previous collection of drawings—and we think we can say this with truth—has illustrated the lightness of touch, the clean, strong sentiment and the sense of humor of the native American so comprehensively and on so large a scale as this present exhibit.

MR. SILBERSTEIN:
Vat are you doing
dere in der yard, Ikey?

IKEY: Sliding on der ice.

MR. SILBERSTEIN: Vell,
stop veering out our own ice.
Come out here on der side-
walk.



MR. ALDRICH'S RECENT VERSES.

IT is a good many years since Thomas Bailey Aldrich has published a new volume of verse, so that his "Unguarded Gates, and other Poems" (Houghton) is doubly welcome as the carefully selected work of a poet in his prime, and the latest expression of a talent which has never held itself cheap or fallen away from a very high standard of workmanship set for itself in youth.

Mr. Aldrich has been persistently and consistently a poet, and he has that reward which comes to all faithful artisans—an increasing joy in his work. The man who grows tired before his prime, whether he be wood-carver or poet, is the man who is only in the business for the notoriety or pelf that is in it. But when he works for the satisfaction of doing something with all his might in order that he may feel the deep satisfaction of powers in use and deeds accomplished—he has found the fountain of youth. Mr. Aldrich has put his artistic creed in one of these poems:

"The poet who wakes no soul within his lute
Falls short of art; 'twere better he were mute.
The workmanship wherewith the gold is wrought
Adds yet a richness to the richest gold;
Who lacks the art to shape his thought, I hold,
Were little poorer if he lacked the thought."

* * *

AMONG American poets Mr. Aldrich has stood for the preservation of the best classical traditions of English verse. He has never coquetted with outlandish words or barbaric metres. Those who believe that obscurity is an element of the best poetry will excommunicate him from the sanctuary of real poets. His first allegiance is to beauty and his next to form. If one were to define him in terms of other poets, one would say that he is compounded of Keats and Præd, with a very modern dash of Locker-Lampson. Such a formula is only meant to suggest qualities which all readers of verse readily recognize. For example, the Keats-like strain is easily caught in this:

"Her eyelids will have turned to violets,
Her bosom to white lillies, and her breath
To roses. What is lovely never dies,
But passes into other loveliness,
Star-dust, or sea-foam, flower, or winged air."

In his graver moods the verse of Mr. Aldrich adds dignity to its grace; the images are stately, the diction sonorous without being bombastic. His blank verse is certainly the most facile and varied, and the least tiresome that we have on this side of the water. In this volume there are three striking examples of it—"Elmwood," "A Shadow of the Night," and "White Edith,"—poems without a false quantity or an awkward foot.

Someone has recently written that nowadays they "discover" a new poet every week in England. We certainly

read a great deal over here about these discoveries—so much that one may suspect that the poets are only "discovered" in order to boom the transatlantic sale of their books. It's so easy to follow the new gods of the hour and overlook the old that one may be pardoned for commenting with some warmth on the latest volume of an American poet who has depended on nothing to press his work upon public attention, except the delicacy and grace of its workmanship.

Moreover, his mind and art are wholesome, with little tolerance for

"those poets who have made
A noble art a pessimistic trade,
And trained their Pegasus to draw a hearse
Through endless avenues of drooping verse."

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

THE FLUTE-PLAYER AND OTHER POEMS. By Francis Howard Williams. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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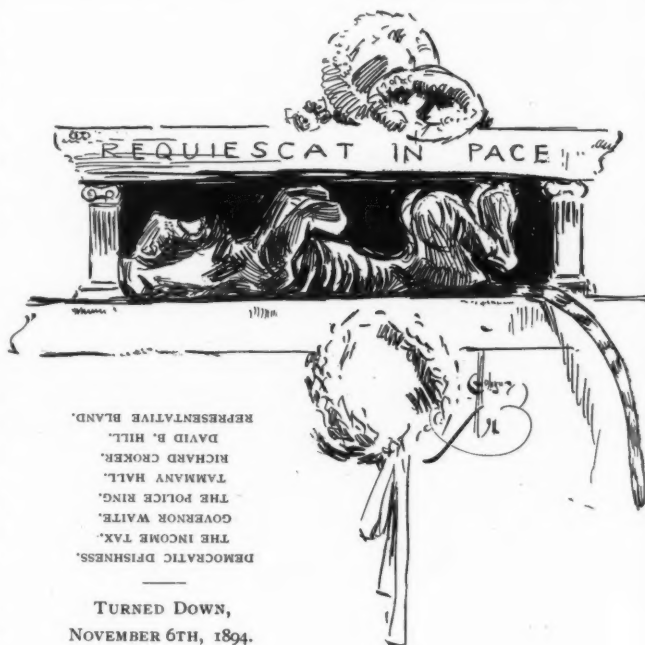
Topsy and Turvy—Number 2. By P. S. Newell.

Imaginations. By Tudor Jenks.

Artful Anticks. By Oliver Herford.

TWO little children looking at the moon one evening, the younger asked: "Is the moon God's wife?"

OLDER CHILD (*patronizingly*): No, you silly child, God is a bachelor.





She: THEY SAY A MAN CAN NEVER BE TRULY HAPPY UNTIL HE HAS GOT RID OF HIS IDEALS.

He: THERE'S TRUTH IN THAT. HE IS BOUND TO GET RELIEVED OF SOME OF THEM.

She: BUT HOW CAN A MAN GET RID OF HIS IDEALS?

He: OH, HE OUTGROWS A GOOD MANY, BUT THAT TAKES TIME. THE PROMPTEST AND MOST CONCLUSIVE WAY IS TO MARRY THEM OFF.

A HAPPY MAN.

GOES neck and neck with time,
Nor reckons what he's missed;
Forgets the girls who snubbed,
Remembers those he kissed.

A SAFE PREDICTION.

"TELL me, O Soothsayer of Second Avenue, whom will I love and wed?" asked the fair young girl from Harlem.

Madame Zingara looked long into the violet eyes of the maiden. Then she walked over to the window and gazed in an abstracted way at the "L" trains. Finally she opened a cupboard and swallowed a glass of brown liquid, which, she explained, was a divination potion, and promptly fell into a trance.

"I see him," she cried. "There he sits in a City Hall train on the Third Avenue Road. There is a vacant seat beside him. That is for you. Take it, and he is yours."

The young girl sprang to her feet, but the Soothsayer detained her.

"Not now," she said. "I have looked into the future. Go you, to-morrow morning, at exactly half-past eight, to the Fifty-ninth Street Station of the Third Avenue Road, enter the car that stops nearest you, take the first vacant seat you find, and your future husband will be sitting beside you on your right. If, for any reason, you do not meet him to-morrow, try again the next day and the next, and keep it up till you find him beside you."

These words were spoken twelve years ago. The girl followed the Soothsayer's directions to the letter. Every morning at 8:30 o'clock, during all these years, she has boarded a City Hall train at Third Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, but she has not yet met her future husband. She has never once found a vacant seat! *W. L. Riordon.*

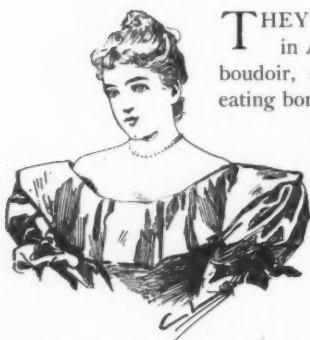
HE REALLY NEEDED IT.

"I'VE bought a typewriter," said the representative from the Steenth Illinois district.

"To write your speeches on?"

"No, not that, but since I've been in Congress I've had so many requests for my autograph that I got tired of writing it with a pen and ink."

A CASE OF HEREDITARY TRUTHFULNESS.



THEY were all gathered in Adelaide Le Roy's boudoir, sipping iced tea, eating bonbons, and admiring the room, which had just been entirely re-furnished to suit Adelaide's latest whim.

"It's a study in coolness," said Margaret

Dilworth, "with its hardwood floor and matting rugs, and those odd beige draperies. I did not dream plain grass cloth could be so exquisite."

"It's not plain grass cloth," Adelaide corrected. "It's that sheer, firm quality that is used by Parisian dressmakers."

"It's utterly delightful, anyway," Sarah Coyle interposed. She had been studying the dainty brass bed and its draperies intently. "I never saw anything sweeter than that valance. Those clover blossoms and leaves that are painted springing up from the edge form a perfect field of bloom all around the bed, and then the ones scattered over the spread and bolster look as if they had been picked from the mass below and tossed down carelessly, just waiting for some one to come along and carry them off. I want one."

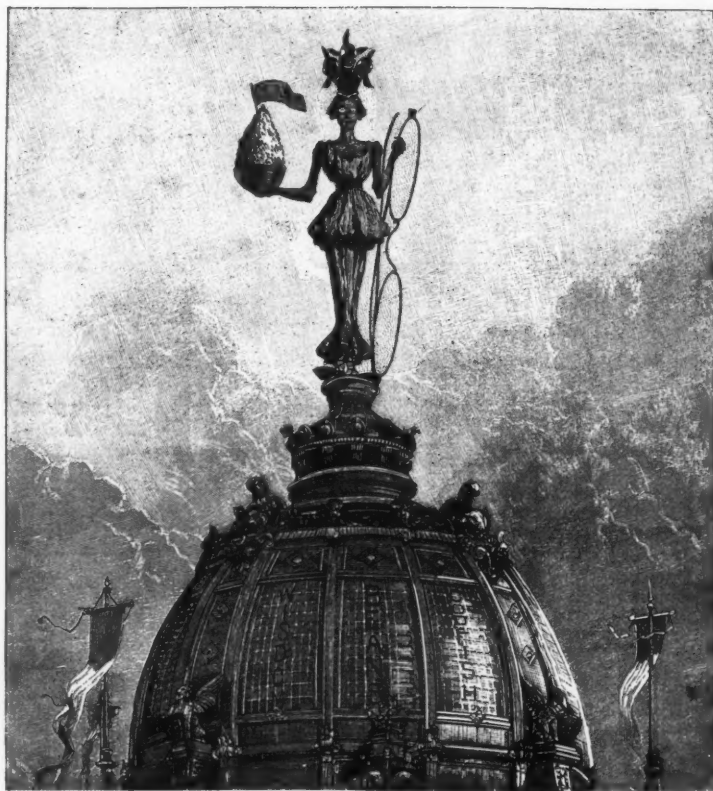
"You may have it if you can get it," Adelaide laughed saucily.

"I know where you got them, Ad," commented Elizabeth Goff; "Josie St. Johns did them. I'd know her clovers anywhere, and——"

A warning look from Adelaide checked the completion of the sentence, and Elizabeth smiled to herself: "No wonder Josie has suddenly found out she can take her usual trip to the mountains. Really, there would be some comfort in having one's father fail if only to find such a friend. I imagine Ad gave her a small fortune for all those draperies. There are the curtains, bed and chair covers, all decorated with those dainty blossoms on linen." Aloud she said: "Ad, what is that particularly delightful antique rug doing on that easel?"

"Oh," laughed Adelaide, "that's my souvenir of the room and our set. Do you know, girls, this is our last confab this season—maybe forever. Most of us will come back to the city engaged in the fall."

A chorus of "Won't be our fault if we don't," "Yes, indeed," "Oh, you blessed prophet," greeted the remark, and Adelaide continued:



THE WONDERS OF AMERICA.

COLOSSAL STATUE OF MINERVA SURMOUNTING DOME OF STATE HOUSE AT THE ATHENS OF AMERICA.

"Well, you know what a straightforward, sober, truth-telling set we are, and it just occurred to me I'd give this rug (it's a real Bokhara! Papa got it from the biggest dealer in second-hand rugs in Constantinople, when he was there) to the girl who for once lets her imagination run riot and tells us a tale that isn't so and yet has the appearance of truth."

"In other words, you want a preparatory drill for the summer's campaign," commented Elizabeth. "Well, I want that rug and mean to try for it. So, *attendez vous*."

And she plunged straightway into a tale whose telling was greeted with laughter and talk. Then, as one after another the girls followed with story and reminiscence, they grew confused and declared it an impossibility to say which was the most interesting and improbable.

Daisy Boyd had settled herself at the beginning of the story-telling on a great rug divan in a corner, had pushed one of the new clover-blossom pillows behind her, and sat quietly listening to each recital, her soft brown eyes opening wider with wonder at each impossible tale, and her quiet laughter chiming in with the others.

The girls could never quite understand why the men



THE WONDERS OF AMERICA.
SOME NEW FACES ON PROFILE MOUNTAIN, N. H.

regarded Daisy as dangerous. She was such a quiet little thing. She never told of her flirtations, and the girls really doubted if she ever had any. They were not surprised, then, when Daisy, casting a wistful look at the rug at the conclusion of the last story, said :

"Girls, it's no use wasting time on me. You know that. As you are all through, you may as well take the vote now. I'm not going to try. The fact is," she continued, plaintively, clasping her tiny brown hands over one knee and leaning forward a trifle, as if taking them all into her confidence, "I never had a speck of imagination. Why, I never could write or tell anything; I never even wrote a composition at school. I can't even invent an excuse for getting out of an unpleasant engagement. Mamma says I'm just like my grandmother. She was *so* stupid. She *always* told the truth. She hadn't gumption enough to tell anything else. Why, mamma says she told her once that grandpa was the only beau she ever had, and as she was getting to be an old maid she accepted him very thankfully. Why, when she

was being married, instead of responding 'I will,' she said 'I shall be very much obliged.' My grandpa was a Mason, but she never teased him for any of his secrets. She hadn't enough imagination to be curious, even. Her mother found a French novel in her room once, and grandma explained it was left there by her best friend, and she hadn't read it because her friend said it was so risqué."

"I don't see anything so stupid in that answer," interrupted Adelaide.

"But there was," quietly responded Daisy, "because it was the truth. Tell the truth? Why, she'd tell anything, if it were so. She lost the catch of the season by telling her age at a dinner party, right before him, and she was a year older than he. And I do the very same thing," the plaintive little voice went on. "*I always* tell my age. Only last week I told Joe Millionaire I was two years old the Centennial year, and he said he never dreamed before that I was over eighteen."

Adelaide gazed at Daisy steadily, but the brown eyes never faltered.

"Yes," Daisy went on, "I am like grandma. She never turned a clock on or set one slow for any man. After she was married she never mentioned her servants to any one. She never told her children's smart sayings, or got a new gown from her husband on the plea that she hadn't a thing to wear. She never said she was nervous when she was only cross, and, many times as she went to Europe, she never smuggled so much as a pair of gloves. You see, girls," she finished, with another longing look at the rug, "how useless it is for me to try to make up a story, coming from such stock as that."

The girls gazed on her a moment with pitying wonder, and then with one accord they made a rush for the rug.

"Take it, Daisy!" cried Adelaide. "They all withdraw in your favor. In making one excuse you have told ten stories for yourself and fastened a dozen on your grandmother."

Anna Pierpont Siviter.

NOT ON THE STAGE.

SHE: I took you for an actor the first time I saw you.

HENRY DE COUREY FOOTELIGHTS: And where was that?

"I saw you walking down Broadway with yourself."

"PROFESSOR VON GOOKENHEIMER, they say, is a most marvelous mind-reader and hypnotist."

"Yes; he claims he can attract the attention of a restaurant waiter by merely looking at him steadily for half an hour."

"NAUGHTY BUT NICE"—\$1,000,000.

THE WIZARDEST WIZARD OF ALL.

I.

I AIN'T bankin' much on wizards what invents them phony-graphs,
'N' I ain't dead stuck on them old ducks as found the telygraphs.
Bobby Fulton don't impress me, nor am I a wond'rin' much
At Ben Franklin, Doctor Pasture, Tommy Edison 'n' such;
But the wonderfulest feller, 'n' the one I makes most of,
Is the cuss as what discovered cold pertaters squelches love!

II.

How he done it, when he done it, is a thing I never seed.
How he set about a findin' it, 'n' then persood the deed
'Til he saw that he was wrastlin' with a bustin' big idee,
Is the alfred bloomin' myst'ry as is flabbergastin' me—
For we can't deny the the'ry fits tēr Nater' like a glove,
That them cold pertaters works like all persessed at curin' love!

III.

Are it true, sir? Ain't I proved it? Why, when Sairy married me
I just loved that purty damsel like the sardine loves the sea.
Why, the biskits that gal cooked me when I came around ter court
Uster set mer heart a pitypat, 'n' made mer pulses snort—
But ter-day we never speaks of love—no, *sir*! we allers shun it;
'N' it's nothin' more than cold pertaters three times a day as done it!

Josh Whitcomb Field.

"I DO not think Binks was entirely to blame, but there are some features of the case which look dark for him."

"What are they?"

"Mrs. Binks's."



FOOTBALL IN AFRICA.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE CHAMPION AGAINST ALL COMERS.—THE FIRST GOAL.



1894.

THANKSGIVING OBSERVANCES.



1894.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

THERE was sorrow in that little home.
"I shall never forgive him! Never! Never!" she cried.

Then she threw herself upon a divan and wept bitterly. There was a ring at the door bell.

"Ah, my dear mother, it is you!" she exclaimed, as a woman of commanding presence entered the room.

"It is I," was the answer.

"Why do I find you weeping?"

"I have been cruelly treated by the man whom I had trusted—the man whom we led—who led me to the altar."

"Has he struck you?"

"Worse!"

"Deserted you? Left you to face poverty alone?"

"Worse. He—he asked me to mend his trousers."

"And you?"

"I refused. And now—oh, horrors—I cannot tell it."

"Speak, my child, speak."

"He has worn my bicycle bloomers down to his office."

"Wretch!"

Philander Johnson.



A GUILTY PALM.

"FEODORA, YER HAVE BIN A DECEIVIN' OF ME. YER HAND TELLS ME YER HAVE BIN MARRIED TWICET!"



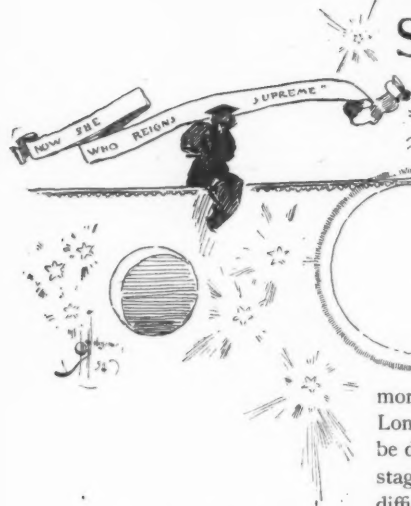
UNCLE SAM'S BANKSG



SAM'S THANKSGIVING.



"THE NEW WOMAN."



SO long as we are willing to buy plays ready-made in England instead of having them made to

order here, we must

be content with misfits. Mr. Oscar Wilde and his green carnation, for instance, are

more or less lively issues in London, but why they should be dragged on to the American stage, even as scenery, it is difficult to understand. More

than that, when the whole basis of a play is satire it is a severe strain on our cosmopolitanism that the satire should be directed against a social condition which does not exist here, but which exists, if at all, at a distance of more than three thousand miles from America's nearest seaport.

The "new woman" in America has very good reason, indeed, for her existence. She has come out into the world to gain a living for herself and oftentimes for others dependent upon her. In some cases she has thrown herself into the struggle because her sense of the useful revolted against that phase of life which consists in the purely ornamental functions of the woman who is waiting for marriage to give her some excuse for cumbering the earth with her presence. Whatever her motive and whatever her occupation, whether as doctor, trained nurse, type-writer, journalist or what not, the American "new woman" goes about her work seriously and in a matter-of-fact way.

The "new woman" that Mr. Sydney Grundy satirizes in the play now running at Palmer's Theatre, has few, if any, counterparts in this country. She is a faddist pure and simple. She puts herself in the public gaze, not because she has to, but because she wants to. She poses as an overthrower of every accepted doctrine relating to the sexes. She cloaks immodesty and pruriency with a thin veneer of pretended scientific interest.

She frankly discusses risky topics, not for any good the discussion may do, but because she loves the topic. We Americans have to use our imaginations to admit the existence of such types as Mr. Grundy displays, and therefore we do not believe that "The New Woman" can meet with any great success in this country.

Considered simply as a play "The New Woman" has little but the dialogue to recommend it. From the nature of the subject, this borders at times on the indecent, and as there is no necessity for the satire, so is there no excuse for this offense. Many of the lines are bright and epigrammatic, but they do not make up for the lack of plot. Against the new type are arrayed two conventional, but well-drawn characters, in the person of *Lady Wargrave* and *Margery*. They are women of the old school, and stand out in clear and distinct contrast.

The company that Mr. Palmer has gathered for this production is scarcely up to the not great requirements of the piece. There are individual bits worthy of commendation, but the *ensemble* is far from satisfactory. Most of the people are experienced and capable, but they do not work together with the harmony and smoothness that should characterize a well-drilled stock company. Miss Annie Russell, whose promising career has been interrupted by a long illness, plays *Margery* with a sweetness and grace that fit the part admirably. Mrs. D. P. Bowers fully meets the ideal of *Lady Wargrave*. The *Col. Cazenove* of Mr. E. M. Holland is not the greatest performance of that actor's career, but furnishes a sufficiently vivid picture of the elderly social offender who, instead of regretting, rejoices in his wicked past. The personal attractions of Miss Madeline



"HEY, NELLIE, HOW BIG IS DE BIRD?"

"CUT OFF ITS NECK AN' LEGS, AN' ALLOW FOR WOT IT'D LOSE IN DE COOKIN', AN' IT'D FIT YER STUMMIK LIKE A GLOVE."

Bouton and Miss Georgia Busby, as those two advanced females, *Miss Enid Bethune* and *Miss Victoria Vivash*, are all that save the two types from being rather revolting.

LIFE confesses that he likes the American type of "new woman," and would pat her on the back if he thought she needed it and wouldn't resent it. For Mr. Grundy's "new woman" there is little to be said, except may the Fates defend us from her advent to these shores.

Metcalf.

THOSE young chaps at Cornell University are beginning to play football. It is time. There are plenty of them, and they are of full size and age. There is no reason why they should not play football and baseball, too, quite as well as the youth of any other college. In rowing they have long excelled, but it has not done them as much good as if they had been able to get bigger competitors. But Yale and Harvard will always play baseball and probably football with them, unless, of course, they should get too expert.

SET it down to the credit of Woman Suffrage that in Colorado, where women vote, they helped to beat Waite. Waite was not very important, but as a nuisance he made up in quality what he lacked in size. It is gratifying that he should have been abated.

AN admirable work for every library—especially if it supplements the "Century Dictionary"—is the "Century Cyclopedia of



"TOBEY OR NOT TOBEY."



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"SO you want to marry my son," said the stern mamma to the Emancipated Woman.

"I do."

"Can you support him in the manner in which he has been accustomed?"

"I can."

"Then take him and be happy."



THE other day a woman shipped her husband's remains and a dog over the Central. At Albany she appeared at the door of the baggage car to see how they were getting along.

"How does he seem to be doing?" she asked, with a sniff.

"Who, the corpse?" inquired the baggagemaster, kindly.

"No, the dog."

"Oh, he's comfortable," replied the baggageman.

"Anybody been setting down on him?"

"Who, the dog?"

"No, the corpse."

"Certainly not," answered the baggageman.

"Does it seem cold enough in here for him?"

"For who, the corpse?"

"No, the dog."

"I think so," grinned the baggagemaster.

"Does the jolting appear to affect him any?"

"Affect who—the dog?"

"No, the corpse."

"I don't believe it does."

"You'll keep an eye on him, won't you?" she asked, wiping a tear away.

"On who, the corpse?"

"No, the dog."

And having secured the baggageman's promise, she went back to her coach apparently contented.—*Exchange.*

MRS. JANSON said to Mrs. Lammis in perfect confidence, "Do you know mine is the prettiest baby in the world?"

"Well, really, now, what a coincidence!" said Mrs. Lammis. "So is mine!"—*Ex.*

AFTER Mr. Scadds left the station he experienced a severe shock upon discovering that a packet of bank notes which he was taking to the city was nowhere about his person.

He must have left it in the Pullman car.

"I'll go to the superintendent's office and make my loss known," he thought; and he did.

"I left a package containing \$5,000 in bank notes in a Pullman car not half an hour ago," said Mr. Scadds to the official.

"Which train?"

"The one which arrived at 9:15."

"Have you your Pullman check?"

Fortunately he had, and this enabled the superintendent to send for the conductor. He soon arrived, for he had not yet finished the report of his trip, and was still in the building.

"Conductor," said the superintendent, "did you see anything of a package left in your car?"

"No, sir."

"Porter didn't turn anything over to you?"

"No, sir."

"Bring the porter here."

He was brought.

"Did you see anything of a small packet after the passengers left your car?"

"Yes, sah."

"You haven't turned it in?"

"Why, no, sah. It was a lot of money, sah."

"Precisely. Where is it now?"

"Here, sah."

It was produced from an inside pocket.

Mr. Scadds' eyes brightened when he saw the roll.

"That's it," he exclaimed. He counted the money and it was all there, the entire \$5,000.

"Look here, porter," said the superintendent, severely. "I want to know why you did not bring that package to me the moment you got your fingers on it?"

"Why, sah," replied the man, with an injured air. "I s'posed de gemman had left it for a tip, sah. That's why, sah."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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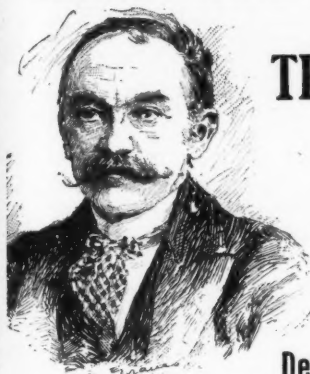
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DR. DOWLING, of New York, was speaking of the incompatibility of a union of Church and State in this country. He said:

"Patrick and Biddy had been a long time married, but did not get along well together, for they were almost continually quarreling. It happened, however, that one day when they were sitting together opposite the fire, in came the cat and dog, and laid down between them and the fire, and also opposite each other.

Presently Biddy speaks up and says: "Faith, Patrick, isn't it a shame we should be always quarreling; see the cat and the dog, how peaceably they get along."

"Och, Biddy, sure and it isn't a fair comparison at all; just tie them together and see how they'll act."—*Middletown Record*.

"MAMMA," said a small girl, "why can't we have a grand piano?"

"Because we can't afford it, dear," her mother answered. "You must wish for a hen that can lay golden eggs."

"But, mamma," protested this literal young lady, "while you are about it, why not wish for a hen that can lay a grand piano?"

MISS DUSKY: Am dem de black stockin's you tole me 'bout buyin'?

MISS SAFFRON: Yes, dem is de ones, Cicely, an' dey only cos' seventy-fi' cents.

MISS DUSKY: Am dey silk?

MISS SAFFRON: Not 'zactly, but dey're jes' as good.

MISS DUSKY: An' will dey wash?

MISS SAFFRON: Dat I don't know; I'se only had 'em fo' weeks!—*The Epoch*.

"PAPA!" cried little Willie, as the clock indicated three in the morning. No answer. "Papa!" cried Willie again and again and again. Finally papa got up and walked into the nursery, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

"Well, what on earth do you want at this hour of the night?" he said.

"Well, papa," said Willie, sitting up in bed, "if Grover Cleveland's first name was Jimmy, what would his last name be?"—*Harper's Bazar*.

A CORRECTION.—We most willingly make amends for an error in the Sinking correspondence of week before last, where Coon Moore is mentioned as becoming "intoxicated" while digging in a well, and in climbing out fell and hurt himself. Instead, it should have read "asphyxiated." We very cheerfully make this correction, as we know Coon is not accustomed to becoming "half seas over." Correspondents, please do not use "big words" unless you understand their meaning.—*Country Exchange*.

WEEKS: Well, how are things over in Boston? Have they named any new pie "Aristotle" yet.

WENTMAN: No-o. But I heard a man there ask for a Plato soup.—*Exchange*.

HE was a countryman, and he walked along a busy thoroughfare and read a sign over the door of a manufacturing establishment: "Cast-Iron Sinks." It made him mad. He said that any fool ought to know that.—*Christian Work*.

"My good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the plain and simple question whether when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the left and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the plaintiff between the brougham and the cab, or whether, and when you saw him at all and whether or not near the brougham, cab and omnibus, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively or how it was."—*Philadelphia Times*.

A MISSOURI physician received the following letter from a friend who is engaged in the practice of medicines in Arkansas:

"DEAR DOCK: I hav a pashunt whose phisical sines shose that the windpipe hav ulcerated off and his lung hav dropped into his stumick. He is unable to swaller, and I fear his stumick is gon. I hav give him everything without effectk, his father is wealthy, onorable and influenshal. He is an active member of the M. E. Church, and God nose I don't want to lose him; What shall I due? Anser by return male, yours in nede."—*Miner and Mechanic*.

A GOOD story is told of a number of boys who were playing on Saturday in front of an Episcopal Church. The rector suddenly came out of his parsonage and told the boys to be quiet in front of the Lord's house.

"That is all right, mister," said the boys. "The Lord is not here to-day. He is down the street at the Jewish synagogue."—*Jewish Messenger*.

MRS. PORKLY: I often wonder how people manage to understand each other in France.

MRS. GOTHAM: How absurd!

MRS. PORKLY: I don't think it absurd at all. Both my daughters speak French, and they can't understand each other.—*Exchange*.

TOM: Did Maud tell you the truth when you asked her her age?

JACK: Yes.

TOM: What did she say?

JACK: She said it was none of my business.—*Yankee Blade*.

THE other day a traveling man of Ashland received a letter from a friend in Lexington, enclosing twenty-five cents and requesting him to send, if possible, a copy of "Hell up to Date." The poor drummer did the best he could, and mailed a copy of the Ashland *Daily News*.—*Exchange*.

PARK GUARD: Sorry to disturb yez, but it's too late to be sittin' here.

YOUNG MAN (*apologetically*): We didn't know it was so late. Fact is, we are to be married next year.

PARK GUARD: Begorry, d'yez think O'im fool enough to be supposin' you wor married lasht year?—*New York Weekly*.

"TEA will be dearer now on account of the China-Japan trouble," said the first speaker.

"Well, it won't make any difference to us," said the second one, soothingly, "because we use English breakfast tea."—*Boston Transcript*.

SHE had sent off a telegram, and was waiting for an answer. Suddenly the peculiar halting click of the receiving machine sounded in the office, and she said to her companion: "That's from George, I know; I can tell his stutter."—*Philadelphia Times*.

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Since Noah's Ark remember so
Delightful an affair."
(A pretty compliment, although
He really wasn't there.)

From *The Artful Ant*, who gave a party and at sup-
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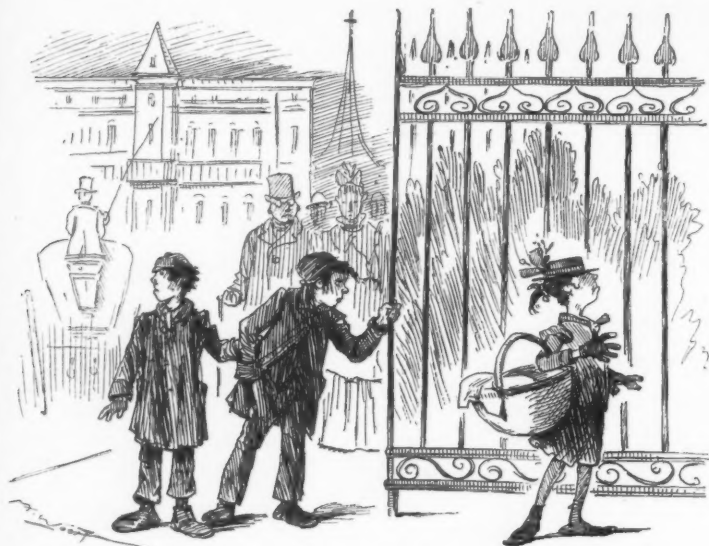
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INGRATITUDE.

Pythias: COME ALONG, DAMON, SHE AIN'T WORTH A SECOND THOUGHT!
Damon: TO THINK SHE SHOULD TREAT ME LIKE THIS! WHY, I STARTED HER IN BUSINESS; I STOLE THAT BASKET FOR HER WOT SHE GOES A BEGGIN' WITH.
Pythias (with disgust): BAH! WIMMIN IS INGRATES; THEY MAKE ME TIRED!

THE South Carolina Presbytery, at a recent meeting, received into its membership, after examination, the Rev. James Woodrow, D. D., who has been under a cloud for some time on account of certain views about the descent of man which he is supposed to have entertained. He was asked if he believed the Holy Scriptures contained in the Word of God, and answered that he did. Further:

"Do you believe that Moses wrote the Pentateuch?"

"Most of it, sir."

"What portion do you think he did not write?"

"The account of his own death."—*Argonaut.*

A CONFEDERATE soldier, after the battle of Antietam, and when his regiment was on the retreat, threw his musket on the ground, seated himself by the roadside, and exclaimed with much vehemence:

"I'll be dashed if I walk another step! I'm broke down! I can't do it!" And he sat there the picture of despair.

"Git up, man!" exclaimed the captain, "don't you know the Yankees are following us. They will get you sure."

"Can't do it!" he replied. "I'm done for. I'll not walk another step!"

The Confederates passed along over the crest of a hill and lost sight of their poor dejected comrade.

In a moment there was a fresh rattle of musketry and a renewed crash of shells. Suddenly he appeared on the crest of the hill moving along like a hurricane and followed by a cloud of dust. As he dashed past his captain, that officer yelled:

"Hello! thought you wasn't going to walk any more."

"Thunder," replied the soldier. "You don't call this walking, do you!"—*War Relics.*

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THE doctor had told Farmer Chawhay that his hours were numbered. Then the good old man beckoned the physician to his side.

"Doc," said he, "there is somethin' I orto tell you 'fore I go."

"All right," answered the doctor.

"It is only this, doc; I been a sort of hippercrit for these last twenty years. All the women folks has give me credit for bein' so true to Sarah Ann's memory that I never marrit again, an' I've allowed 'em to think that was the reason. Truth is, them fifteen years I lived with Sarah Ann, gimme all the experience in marrit life that I wanted, an' that's the reason I stayed a widower."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

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A FEW days since a woman entered a certain hat store. She had in tow a boy of about ten years of age. That is, his body was ten years old, but his face looked like a man of thirty.

"I want a cheap hat for this boy. I don't care what it is, so long as it is cheap."

The hatter pulled over his stock and finally presented to the woman a hat worth about 50 cents.

"I guess this will satisfy you," he said. "It is 50 cents."

"All right; I'll take it. I wanted something for the boy to have fits in," and then she went out.—*Exchange.*

ONE of the two, by way of advertising himself, cut his hair in the most faultless manner, according to the latest fashion plate; the other, on the contrary, cut his in the most clumsy way imaginable. The first customer who entered his shop did not fail to take him to task about it.

"How in the world, being yourself a barber, do you have your hair so badly cut?"

"Why, sir, the reason is simple enough. I cannot possibly cut my hair myself, but am obliged to have recourse to my colleague over the way, and he is such a duffer!"

"And I suppose you cut his in return?"

"Of course. And you can judge for yourself whether he oughtn't to be satisfied."—*Exchange.*

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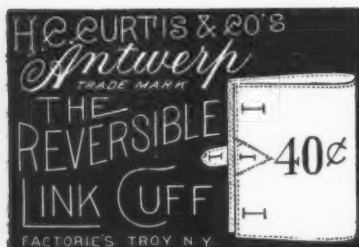
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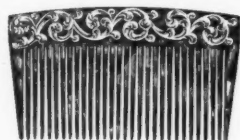
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"Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?"
"Make a living! Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"ONE of the best stories I ever heard," said John Thomas to the St. Louis *Globe Democrat's* corridor man, "is vouched for by Captain Rivers, of the Fort Worth and Denver Railroad. A Russian Hebrew came to this country and established a dry goods and notion business. He was so successful that he sent for his younger brother and started to educate him in the business. The boy was slower to learn the ways of the world than his brother had been, and the latter sometimes grew impatient. One day he said:

"Now, shust wait und see how I do. Dere vas a lady."
"The lady asked to see some silk, which was shown, a piece at \$2 a yard."
"But I saw some like it a few days ago for \$1.50," she said.
"I don'd doubt id, madam; but dot vas some days ago. I vas selling dese goods at dot price until yesterday, ven ve got vord dat all the silkworms in China vas dead, und dot goods vill cost us more as \$2 now."

"The lady was satisfied and purchased the silk."
"Now, you see how dot vas done. Dere vas a lady now; you wait on her," he said to his brother.

"The lady entered and asked for tape. The young man was all attention, and the desired article was speedily produced."

"How much?" the lady asked.
"Ten cents a yard."
"Why, I saw some for 8 cents."
"I don'd doubt id, madam, but dot was some dime ago. Shust to-day ve heard dot all the tapevorms vas dead, und dere would be no more tape less as 20 cents a yard."—*Exchange*.

A LITTLE financial trouble, which caused the closing of a bank in Arizona, is accounted for by the following notice, posted on the bank doors:

"This bank is not busted; it owes the people \$36,000; the people owe it \$55,000; it is the people who are busted; when they pay we'll pay."—*Keystone*.

AT one of the theatres the other evening a dapper, well-dressed young man was seated with a couple of society girls in a front seat in the parquet. As the curtain went down after the second act he was observed to grow restless and to cast anxious glances toward the entrance. Suddenly an usher came dashing down the aisle, conspicuously waving a note in his hand, which he delivered to the gentleman in question. The latter opened it, knotted his eyebrows seriously and handed it to his lady companions for inspection. Then, seizing his hat, he hastened back to the door. When he re-entered the theatre a few minutes later, wiping his moustache with the handkerchief, observant ones among the audience quietly nudged each other and remarked in an undertone: "It was an old scheme, but it worked."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



SOMETHING IN IT.

"You have heard," said the present Governor of New York to his type-writer, "the fable of the prudent blossom which, instead of standing obstinately against the blasts bends in modest obscurity until the storm is over?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's the kind of a Flower I am."—*Washington Star*.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh; laughed till I cried."

And then, as he saw a smile go around the room, he grew red in the face, and walked away angry.—*Exchange*.

VAN MASTERS: I understand Hobbs has been formally expelled from the Artists' society.

PEYSTER: Yes; he fell asleep in a barber's chair, and the barber cut off his vandy beard.—*Chicago Record*.

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